

# Evening



# Gazette.

VOL. 12.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1878.

NO. 18

A JUDICIAL GLASS HOUSE.

Judge Wright's chance for foisting himself upon the people once more as Judge of this district must be growing exceedingly thin. At least we judge so from the desperate methods which himself and his score of friends have adopted. The plan is something like this:

In Washoe they try to give an impression that both press and people in Ormsby are grieved and insulted because Washoe is against Wright. In Ormsby it is said that the people in Washoe are in unit in favor of Wright and want some extra and special convention in order to simplify the manner of his nomination. The truth is told, however, when we say that at neither end of the circuit has he the confidence of the people.

We presume that Judge Wright is beginning to see that Attorney Clarke can't elect him, and now another dodge is invented. The candidate and his two friends in Ormsby are now devoting their time to every man who can possibly become an opponent. They know just how many times he has been a thief, and how many times he wanted to be. They can tell when he was a Democrat and when a Republican. In this connection we will say that the time is approaching when we shall review Mr. Wright's record. His record in the Harris fight, and his desire for Democratic legislative honors, besides other matters, will prove very trying to the glass shanty in which our friend is now living.

WHIPPING IN.

We heard an able politician say recently that he believed in whipping everybody right into the traces. "No half-way work," said he. "Let's give every member of the party to understand that they must stand in, anyway. We can't argue with everybody. Let's crack the party whip about their ears and make them run an old-time race." As we heard this man talk, we knew that he had a considerable following among the press and manipulators of party matters.

What does this whipping in mean, and who gave these men the right to whip anybody in or out? Who are we to whip in, and why will they not come without the lash? These questions and their answers will lead us to the gist of much that is vicious and radically wrong in politics. Any man who was a partisan yesterday maintains his allegiance to-day, if his party keeps faith with his interests and those of the people. If the party is considerate for success alone and does not grapple with the local and general questions which make voters prosperous and the people happy, how will you induce men to support it. In what way will you frighten men who are not office-seekers? The mass of the people, the men who must elect, want prosperity and not office. Deal then with the questions which affect them and you have already whipped them into the traces. Don't say that last year's issue is dead when it still affects us. Don't say that you know what the voter wants, and who he must have, for if you do the voter will whip out or in at pleasure. These remarks are loosely joined, but they ought to suggest a change of policy to some of our managers. Let us not whip the voter into ranks at all, but rather invite him, and show him that we can befriend him. Make your platform and declaration of principles an embodiment of common wants. Give what guarantee you may that parties can serve the people. Throw your whip away and talk sense to the voter. He has tired of these force methods, and will demand some consideration. You can lead him, but when one drives, it often happens that the whip wraps about his own ears. Think of this, friend politician, and you will not be so anxious to use the lash when fair argument and a pleasant invitation will serve better.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A young friend in Paris sends us a long letter detailing the glories and pleasures of gay Paris with all the enthusiasm of youth. We quote: "I have given Paris three weeks, and they have been the best of my life. There is but one Paris" it has been well said. — talks about "God's country" he had better come here. Talk about woman, vanity, conceit, hippodromes, circuses, operas, and all things from the most vile to the most elevated. We Americans know nothing of these things. Such boudoirs, parks, gardens and magnificence, No wonder Paris is Paris, and that Paris means art, and everything which is splendid and glorious." Our friend does not say what he is doing, but we will tell \$3.50 that he is taking it all in.

There is such a thing as going to extremes even in the cause of justice. Judge Cole, of Eureka, seems to have made up his mind that Jesse Bigelow shall go to the penitentiary for the killing of Gus Botts. The grand jury refused to indict Bigelow, and Judge C held him without bail. The next jury indicted, and the trial jury failed to agree. Bigelow is again held without bail for another trial. Judge Cole's action seems to outsiders, the least bit severe. Judge Cole is very much like Judge Wright, of our county, only opposite in character.

The Eureka Leader coincides with the GAZETTE in its views upon committee rights. That paper says of Daggett's article: "It was correct in principle. It is a high-handed proceeding on the part of any committee to arrogate to themselves the right to give expression to the preferences of the party without consulting the rank and file, and will end in their confusion and defeat. Give the voters a chance and the devil take the hindmost."

And now the news comes again from South Carolina that the Republicans have decided not to nominate candidates for State offices, because, owing to rule club rule and Democratic supremacy, they consider it dangerous to organize for the campaign or vote at the election. We do not believe that there is any necessity for the Republicans to disband in that State, nor that they have done so.

Our exchanges were all surprised that Reno was not burned to the ground on Wednesday last, and the streets running blood. They had heard of Wellman's dripping grave and all that rot. The course of the GAZETTE in temporizing and apologizing for the rioters is noted, as also the Journal's fearless assault upon them. The GAZETTE has excited a storm of hisses by its truckling attempt to carry water on both shoulders, while the Thunderer excites much admiration.

Although the Workingmen's party had nothing whatever to do with the recent disgraceful business, and did not approve at all of the incendiary talk, it is odd that those members of the party who joined other citizens in patrolling the streets to secure the safety of the town are in very bad odor with the party. "Traitors" we believe is what they are called.

Professor Stewart says that earthquakes are among the lost arts in San Francisco, because the steel rails carry the electric fluid across the continent. It is not unlikely that the steamboat companies may enjoin the railways from this thoughtless discrimination against the churches and orphan asylums of the West. No hell, no earthquakes, nothing. Whither do we drift?

Democratic exchange notes that one objection which has been urged against Mr. Hagerman's candidacy is his sympathy with the Workingmen's movement. The D. E. thinks this no objection.

A dispatch says the demand for standard silver dollars is steadily increasing at Washington. The demand for these is still brisk out this way.

A number of candidates for county offices are at present quite industrious in saying that announcements in newspapers are of no avail. They are still active in pressing their claims and think to take advantage of those already announced, by being a candidate or not as occasion may suggest. The people, however, will want to know why these men are afraid to come before the public in the regular way. Some there are, of course, who have not yet decided as to their own candidacy, but there are also many who are not sufficiently strong to trust themselves in an open way to the people. These might as well give up the idea of reserved seats and move to the back part of the hall. There is one way to appear and that is good enough even for those who have a sure thing on the election.

Ben Butler, the man who throws bricks, (many of which return with violent effect upon his own political head) has recently declared himself at a public meeting. Butler said he came not to make a speech but to communicate with the people on the public interests of the day. He had left the old parties. He belonged to the Democratic party until it attempted to destroy the Union, and he was with the Republican party till it deserted its founders, the laboring men. Capitalists now hold the Republican party bound hand and foot. Hayes has violated every pledge and betrayed the negro of the South. The effort of Grant's administration to strengthen the public credit was a swindle. He reviewed the history of greenback currency, and claimed it should be made legal tender for all debts, public and private.

Hon. John H. Kinkead, a Republican candidate for Gubernatorial honors, is in Reno once more, on business connected with his mining operations in Humboldt county. In connection with the political aspect we might say that although Mr. Kinkead makes very little noise, there is no reason to think him out of the fight. It may readily happen that Humboldt will furnish the next standard bearer, although we are assured that Mr. Kinkead does not consider the office necessary to ensure him good health.

The newspapers are very much enraged at Kearney's prominence, and Kearney is very much disgusted at the short-sighted newspapers. They abused him and the people read it. Out of persecution he has made a name, and now the newspaper is obliged to chronicle his doings because the people want to read of him. He was at first called "a dirty blackguard," he has now blossomed into "the great drayman." *Sic transit oce.*

Representative Blackburn says that Thurman will be elected President in 1880. He says the Democrats will carry twenty-three States and obtain control of both houses of Congress.

Representative Blackburn is a very saucy man, also fanciful. There is nutriment, however, in the thought that R. B. knows nothing at all about it.

Realizing how soon he may be forced this gentleman is only too willing to express his opinions while a public man.

Edison, the great inventor, believes that he can construct an apparatus by means of which the presence and approximate size of an ore body can be predicted before it has been reached. Mr. Edison has now scented a principle which may enable him to foretell dividends. Has he any scheme for the prediction of assessments? In the name of the people we ask it.

The Times-Review thinks the Enter-

prising precedent is too great a temptation to the wily wire-puller, and it is time he was taught that to delegate certain powers is not to waive the right of veto. The journal quoted thinks that Mr. Daggett has a fine opportunity to make himself acceptable to the people by squelching this practice.

Mike McGowen, the man-eater, is a versatile cannibal. He now turns up in the furniture business. His stock in trade consists of three quilts which he stole from the county jail when released from a short imprisonment at Tuscarora. Mike is a rustler, in fact a rising young cannibal.

There is very general objection throughout the State at the presumption of the Nye and Lincoln committees in appointing delegates. The people are correct in believing that one of their rights has been usurped.

The White Pine Republican central committee, which was expected to appoint delegates, has set a day for primaries instead. A just and wise conclusion. An eastern coterie believes the county will go for Daggett.

The Crawford plan will probably be tried in Storey. It seems to us that every candidate should be consulted in this matter, and also that the matter is just as likely to be "fixed" with the Crawford theory on deck as otherwise.

Last week's Elko Post stated that L. I. Hoge had withdrawn from the contest of Lieutenant-Governor, and would support Jerry Moore for that position. In an interview with Mr. Hoge since, he informed the Times-Review that the Post's statement was authorized by him, but since his conversation with its editor, certain things had come to his knowledge which had induced him to remain in the field, and he stated to the Times-Review emphatically that he would be a candidate before the convention, provided his man—whose name he did not mention—received the nomination for Governor.

Those good people from Utopia who fondly desire the admission of woman to all trades and professions will be glad to learn that a female person has lately developed as a candidate for honors among the vacant heads. This lady promises to go over Niagara falls in a small boat, waving the American flag and shouting Moody & Sanyak's hymns. Her indeity deserves honorable mention. She has our permission to omit the hymns, but we hope she will not fail to go over the falls.

An exchange says that dreaming that tramps were after her, a Newcomerstown, O., woman rose in her sleep and was sadly hurt by jumping from a second story window. If we had a wife and that had happened to her we should have taken the household club and gone out and laid for the first tramp that came along. Neither should we have given him time to ask what it was for.

Harry Norton, formerly of Silver City has been writing about society in the Black Hills. Mr. Norton is of opinion that the society is good enough. He says that all men who love good order, educational advancement and the various refining influences which purify society and bring about that moral standing so desirable in all communities, ought to be pleased with the Hills. This does not tally well with the fact that the Coroner is the best paid man in Deadwood.

The Carson Tribune published yesterday a column communicating upon the question of General Connor's eligibility. The writer says plainly that the General is not an available candidate.

date from any point of view, that he has never exercised the privileges of citizenship, and further, has never claimed them in Nevada. While acknowledging cheerfully the personal fitness of General Connor for the office, the correspondent does not believe that in any particular General Connor meets the requirements of law or citizenship in Nevada. We are not acquainted with the facts of General Connor's career in this State, but we are firmly of the opinion that a non-resident cannot be elected Governor.

There may, however, be some decided mistake in the correspondence mentioned. Let us know.

The horse that annually commits suicide by walking into the water and staying there till his spirit bounds into the golden stable is slowly cantering around the newspapers again. We are weary of the mustang, and would be glad if the man who is 110 years old and never chewed tobacco and splits a cord of wood before breakfast every morning, would mount the suicidal beast and ride off into space.

Ben Butler, the hero of New Orleans and the spoon legend, is again engaging the attention of the newspapers. They all want to know what Benjamin is — Republican, Democrat, or what? Ben does not care whether they know or not; but strolls down and gathers another brick whenever they talk of firing him out.

Lieutenant Whyse, who has just completed surveys for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, has found one route which is only forty miles long. He estimates the cost of building a ship canal on that route at \$115,000,000. He suggests an international commission to examine the four or five routes already suggested.

Dennis had better stick to his native "thaves in broadcloth" school of oratory. Cribbing chunks from Burke, Ingersoll and Fitch—all of them hell-bounds of capital and lecherous bondholders—is not only mean and thievish, but altogether too risky, as Dennis has learned to his cost already.

E. Blennerhassett, has been named as a Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and the Tribune publishes from Humboldt a communication endorsing Mr. B. in very high terms. Thus is another corpse provided for the Democratic obsequies of 1878.

President Hayes has selected Benjamin F. Bristow as chief counsel for the government in the South Carolina cases. Bristow is a lawyer and a statesman. The President was wise in selecting him, as he has been in the majority of his appointments.

The Lassen Advocate comes to us now a very much better paper than formerly. The new editor, Mr. Weed, is evidently a newspaper man, and we hope that the people of Lassen county will support his paper liberally.

Kearney ought to get up and wrestle, and not allow California to be disgraced. Cohen, the Washington "workingman" has two private secretaries.

The San Francisco Alta says it knows a broker who calls his mother-in-law Bodie, because he can't bear her.

Webber Lake. If anybody wants a good time he should take his wife, if he have one, or if he be without one, his girl, and a few friends and go to Webber lake. Dr. Webber keeps a first-class hotel there and knows how to give his guests an enjoyable time. Read his advertisement in another column which sets forth the attractions of the place—and then out a swing wagon and go off while the weather is hot, dusty and disagreeable.

SHORT BITS.

Do not flirt with married women. It annoys their husbands and may shorten your days.

Tea was first introduced into Europe about 1600, and sold for 60 shillings a pound, and hence was coveted as a great luxury.

A strong agitation has sprung up in New York City for the reduction of the price of lager beer from five to three cents a glass.

Correspondent "B. F. B." who sent us a contribution entitled "My Lyre is Hushed," is informed that we are glad of it.

When usefulness is considered, the man who smokes cigarettes dwindles into insignificance by the side of the individual who smokes hams.

The hot spell killed thousands of fishes in Western rivers. To avoid sunstroke fish should wear something damp on top of their heads.

Ben Butler owns a yacht. It is some consolation to know that no owner of a yacht has ever been called President of the United States.

Mississippi Judge was just saying that no one but a coward would carry a pistol when his own fell from his pocket, was discharged, and the bullet hit a lawyer in the leg.

It has been discovered by the Minnesota farmers that two acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stalks and the oil of the seed make roaring and cheerful fires.

The most active fountainer of the riots at Washington was, as is often the case, not a workingman, and had no other grievances of his own to redress than his disappointment at not getting an office.

A Glorious Country.

*Courier Journal:* Under the new liquor law in Mississippi every saloon-keeper is required to buy of the State Auditor a book of coupons, and everybody who takes a drink is handed one of these coupons, which the State receives for taxes at one cent each. If he pays for two drinks he receives an orange-colored coupon good for two cents; if five drinks, a blue coupon good for five cents. Thus a man who goes at it properly and sticks to business, can take in enough coupons in six months to pay his taxes for a whole year.

Kearney's Frozen Check.

*Stock Report:* We fear that Kearney is doing business on more of a borrowed capital than we supposed. Not only does he steal his flights of rhetoric, but it seems his choicest epithets are prigged also. The Sacramento Bee has gone back to its files and finds that the expression "villainous, serpentine, slimy thief, and imp of hell," is exactly the expression used by Grove L. Johnson last winter in the Assembly, when the incendiary act was under discussion and that the person of whom and to whom the vigorous language was used, was no other than Denis Kearney himself.

Personal.

Frank McCullough, superintendent of the Merrimac mill, was in Reno last night.

Archie Borland, L. Rosener, J. T. Hill and R. F. Pixley were passengers on the lightning train bound for Frisco last night.

J. A. Brumsey, the principal insurance agent of Virginia City, together with his wife, passed westward last night. They will rusticate for several days at Tahoe.

John J. P. Jones, and his brother, Sam, Jones, shook hands with their Reno friends last night. Stands the handshaking first rate, does J. P.

Warning to Married Men.

It doesn't pay to take the springs and stuffing out of a sofa and then get inside yourself in order to discover whether your wife is unfaithful or not.

Perhaps this advice may be regarded as superfluous by our married readers, but Mr. John Enders, of Chillicothe, Ohio, adopted this plan last week. It would have possibly been successful, but when Mrs. E. and the "bold, bad man" of the occasion entered the apartment, Mrs. E., who is very fat, at right down over Mr. E.'s head, and unconsciously smothered that sanguine gentleman to death. This is a warning to married men.—*Ex.*

The terrible tornado of the 9th killed at Wallingford, Connecticut, alone, twenty-eight persons, so far as yet known. Twenty-five of these were buried on the 11th, 10,000 persons witnessing the ceremonies.

## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY  
ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,  
PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
One year, in advance ..... \$2.50  
Six months ..... 1.50  
Three months ..... 75

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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

There is an irreverence about the San Francisco press which shocks the religious mind. The scribblers down there seem to have formed a league for the bevelment of the clergy. The reverend persons are foolish enough to hit back. Then the boys are happy and proceed to take the ministerial scalp with a calm deliberation of movement that must make the process extremely painful to the clerical subject. Rev. Hemphill ran a tilt against the papers some months ago and has never recovered from it. He is now a proved idiot. Later, Brother Kalloch lifted his club and let it fall upon the journalistic sconce. He is now paralyzed. Jiams is the latest victim. At present what is left of him is squirming in agony. None of the pulpit gentlemen did anything in particular to arouse the newspaper fury, but they have simply been joshed to death.

Dick Rule, of the Virginia *Footlight*, has got 'em again. His frenzy breaks out in a bawl for the immediate. We segregate a small shriek:

Let it be soon! Life was not made too long for distant hours of dire futurity, They present soothes me like some far off song:

Oh! where my heart has rested let it lie; Hope is the morning, love the afternoon. Let it be soon!

If this whoop for soonest refers to the publication of Richard's poems in book form, the motion is denied; if, however, the dissolution of the young man is the aspiration, the GAZETTE concurs with morbid eagerness.

Dr. J. G. Holland's birthday was celebrated last Wednesday by a company of his friends and admirers at "Holland Dell," in Heath, Massachusetts, one of the scenes of his boyhood. The exercises consisted of addresses and reading selections from Holland's works. We earnestly hope that the bland old bumbum was compelled to listen to those selections. If we had our way, we would have every line of his shallow, goody-goody slush poured into a phonograph and then cause the instrument to be chained to him and turn her loose.

Nux Vomica, the verbum sap of the Carson *Tribune*, is now regularly engaged as capper for the Treadway ranch. The Deacon says that the Caledonian picnic was a "ridiculous failure" because it was held at Dall's grove. It happens, however, that 4000 persons assisted at the ridiculous failure, and the Club is satisfied if old flat justitia isn't.

The GAZETTE is causing its meat ax to be sharpened and will presently bring it down with fatal effect upon the solid skulls of the San Francisco *Stock Report* and the Virginia *Enterprise*. To avoid being justifiably homicide, the gentlemen mentioned will please occasionally give credit for items clipped from this powerful journal.

Let us pause for a moment in the midst of this wearing excitement and enquire what has become of Sergeant Bates. The whereabouts of Mrs. Jenkins and Susan B. Anthony pale in importance when this great problem is broached.

Many mules rear and snort over in Eureka when the editor of the *Sentinel* comes within a block of them. The *Sentinel* considers this very curious, but most people will understand and sympathize with the feelings of the mules.

General Howard is building up a reputation as an Indian fighter that will simply scalp his critics and leave them with not a hair to hang by. He has captured another squaw.

A Sunday school tent in Philadel-

phia was struck by a thunderbolt a week ago last Sabbath, and three children were killed. How often must these warnings be given?

Lord Beaconsfield is said to be very much offended at the stand which the Russian River *Flag* has taken respecting his course in the Berlin Congress.

The County Central Committee of Nye county instructed delegates to vote for Connor. There seems to be a falling off in that sentiment, and there is every probability that the action will be repudiated. The Tybo *Sim* says there is strong talk of taking decided action, either by petition or a meeting, in the way of protest against the "snap judgment" action, in regard to the resolution pledging the delegates to the State Convention to General Connor. They claim that as there had been no canvass of the sentiment of the party before such meeting, and that even part of the members of said committee had no knowledge of it before it was offered, the delegates are not bound by it. Lincoln and Lander should also be reversed.

The Republican papers of this State are all showing commendable zeal in condemning the appointment of delegates by county committees. The practice should never have been commenced, and ought to be abolished without delay. We hope that 1878 may be the last year in which the chilled-iron cheek of the ringster may manifest itself in committee action.

The reason for this wish is not found in the legitimate exercise of reasonable authority, but when we have seen committees attempt to absolve officers from pledges made to the people, we have seen a piece of stupendous cheek. County committees should be curbed, therefore, before they intrude upon the special prerogatives of the Almighty.

General Brick Butler who has used the Potter committee as a sling with which to propel his missiles, lately encountered a tarant in the person of one Wm. Roberts, a Democratic editor from New Orleans. Mr. Roberts was conversant with all the facts of the famous returns and the part which Hayes took in the matter. He refused to misrepresent matters for Ben's gratification, but stated that Hayes told him that the Presidency could not tempt him to unfairness. Mr. Butler, fearing that Republicans would not elect him Governor of Massachusetts, is capping for Democratic support through the Potter committee.

Dr. Dio Lewis has been lecturing over in Nevada City on the influence of love and brown bread on the human soul and animal nature. He related how a wicked man in New York had clubbed a mule which refused to budge, as might have been expected, when a colored person stepped out of the crowd and laid his face on the mule's and told the beast that he loved it, whereupon the mule humped himself and went on with his load. In justice to Dio it should be stated that about three months ago he had a shock of paralysis.

The Crawford plan does not seem to draw well in Storey, after all. The latest reports from that haunt of manipulators point to the conclusion that every man for himself will be the rule, as formerly. It is certainly unfair to make the citizens of Storey county give their delegation to one man exclusively when there are several different factions and interests to serve. If good men are selected for delegates they will select good nominees, and that ought to satisfy those generous souls who claim to be influenced only by the party weal. Those candidates who have proposed this plan remind us of the generous man who went out to fight a duel. He had two swords of different lengths, and advancing to his opponent, he held out the shorter sword, saying:

"Here, now; I'll give you your choice of weapons—I'll take this one."

*Josh Billings:* The man who can talk with you 10 minutes on an ordinary business subject without expressing a grave anxiety for the welfare of your soul, wants the kluskest kind of watching.

That is exactly correct. Could not be bettered, for there be hypocrites and scoundrels, but the worst of all these is the deaconistic fraud who imagines himself toying with the keys of heaven while he unfastens your watch-gua'd, and talks of the Gabriel.

len horn while he blows a blast of slander upon the community in which he lives.

The Comstock papers are very much excited about Kate Lorence, the pedestrian. The *Enterprise* and *News* look on with undisguised interest. The *Chronicle* wants to publish her picture and pedigree, while the little *Stage* and *Footlight*, palpitately and editorially on alternate days. They all call her the undaunted little woman. One thing is certain: The u. w. can walk away from any newspaper collector in the land. \$8.50.

John H. Kinkead, of Unionville, left for his home last night on the overland train. Mr. Kinkead finds less trouble in making good warm friends, than any man whom we have met. He is a gentleman of intelligence and ability, and should he become our Republican nominee for Governor, the GAZETTE would take rare pleasure in acceding him a hearty support.

An Elko correspondent of the *Eureka Leader*, who knows all about the political aspect, fixes matters in this way: The tramp is a Workingman politically, but an idle Democrat practically. Elko will support Daggett, Moore, Wren and Hawley. The Workingmen will have no standing in Elko. Candidates may now square their sails, withdraw or push forward, as the case may be.

The eccentric editor of the *Eureka Leader* heads a Bannock dispatch "Indians Drove to the Agencies." He hadn't ought to bang the grammar around in that way. It never done nothing to him. We never seen such wanton disregard of them things that most writers is particular about as is shown by that *Leader* man.

A very coarse and unmanly attack was made upon H. R. Mighels recently by one B. H. Meder through the *Nevada Tribune*. Mr. Meder seems to be offended because the *Appeal* editor differed with him. Mr. Mighels, in reply, merely points to the manner of the assailant, which entirely defeats the abusive purpose of the article.

The Virginia *Chronicle* is paying its respects to the police force of that city, and complains because the officers play judge, and release prisoners without proper trial. We have had some of that practice in Reno, and complained of it. We believe it has been abandoned in consequence.

Tuscarora shows signs of distress once more. One of the most attractive hurdy-houses has closed up. The proprietor, however, declares that on his return from Eureka he will open and conduct the shebang upon high moral principles. He will advertise as the *Enterprise* does its job office. *Nucl secundus.*

The *Eureka Leader* makes this frank confession: "Whenever a reporter is short of an item, he tackles the vice of opium smoking." The reporter also goes on to say that opium is no worse than any other narcotic. We hope he may be right, but advise him not to tamper with the drug.

It is somewhat remarkable that the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which has been so enterprising as to send a special commissioner with Dennis Kearney, has not a resident exclusive ambassador at the Stockton insane asylum.

The total expenses of Russia during the late war, including its issues of paper money and its outstanding debts were, up to the 24th of June last, considering the depreciation of the rouble, about \$50,000,000. It was against our advice that Nicolaevitch went into the speculation, but he is a pretty good fellow, and if he is at all short he knows where to apply.

The editor of the Lyon County *Times*, the only humorist of Silver City, is convulsing the region which he illuminates by his bangs at sense. The many friends of the gentleman will be glad to learn that his work on "Ourself" in three volumes will soon be suppressed.

An informant just from Esmeralda county and who has his weather eye upon politics, states that the county is divided upon the Gubernatorial question, with the chances slightly in favor of Daggett.

### WHERE IS THAT ANSWER?

The GAZETTE, in pursuit of its purpose to defend the treasury of Washoe county against the generosity of Judge Wright and other servants of the people, has kept the court-house in an uproar for some months. One by one the careless, or excessively liberal men who handle county money, have been dragged from their holes and confronted with their records. At first there was virtuous indignation at the GAZETTE's course. Then came a wild desperation, and last, a brazen cheek has been opposed to every charge.

It should be noticed, however, that matters have materially changed since we first took up this work. Many old abuses have been dropped, and the foundation has been laid for a thorough renovation of county affairs. The officers, with a few exceptions, have changed tactics to suit public opinion, and these few shall be the special charges of the GAZETTE until they too change. Judge Wright has always exercised his discretionary powers more like the Shah of Persia than after the fashion of a Judge who was, in some manner, accountable to the people. Our exposure of the method adopted in the Ricard case, has been met only by private mutterings. Notwithstanding the severe nature of the offense, His Honor's friends were left to carry the matter alone. Even after the Commissioners had slapped his face, and both friends and palliots felt compelled to ask him for justification, we are favored with silence. His friends said that when the judicial horn sounded, the horse would immediately change color. Where is that other horse, and where the explanation? Is the steed black, and does he require whitewash? If so, apply it, and let the people see how he will hold his new color.

### THE OFFICE SEEKS THE MAN.

It must be a matter of mortification to the respectable element of the Democratic party in Nevada, that no man of weight can be found to accept the party's senatorial nomination. The "leaders," journalistic and otherwise, have for months been straining every nerve to induce some man with a sack of money to allow his name to be mentioned in connection with the office. So far every effort of this kind has been a failure. Hillhouse is the only man who is at present foolish enough to show a desire to enter the lists against Jones, and it is evident that he is merely being used as a sort of decoy duck to let men of wealth see how easy it would be to get the doubtful prize of a nomination. The party has laid the crown at the feet of Fair. He has spurned it. General Williams has also kicked the thing away, and Mitchell flung it from him as though it would have burned him to touch it. From present appearances it looks as if Jones will have no opponent. Practically that will be the case. No man could be more popular nor more deserving. His services have earned him the approval and respect of the people of the State, almost irrespective of party.

An exchange says that the fight between Wren and Connor in Eureka is becoming very bitter. The Wren men say Connor is not a resident of the State, that he employed Chinamen in Humboldt, and is in sympathy with monopolists. The Connor men on the other hand allege that Wren is in high favor with the Central Pacific railroad, that the railroad people will make a moneyed fight for him, and that he is against the Texas Pacific railroad and other measures demanded by this coast and opposed only by the Central Pacific company. Connor is impetuous, but has C. C. Wallace for manager. Wren is groomed by P. P. Canavan. The battle transpires September 7th, and will have an important effect upon the State canvass.

The most remarkable crime has been reserved for Sacramento. A. M. Tullis, a wealthy fruit grower on Grand Island, has been murdered and the evidence points unmistakably to Troy Dye, Public Administrator of Sacramento county, as the murderer. The crime was committed for the privilege of administrating upon the estate. Talk about crime and criminal, but this surpasses even the imagination of an American. If guilty of the crime, Dye and his confederates ought to be tortured to death.

### SLANDER.

We have always been thankful that Reno is free from slander and gossip of all kinds. There are no men and women here who take a pleasure in abusing their neighbors, as there are in some less favored communities, and it is just cause for earnest congratulation. There is a town, however, in South America, where slander is a fine art. The married ladies make calls there just for the purpose of dishing up Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hopkins. They sit for hours and thank God that they are not like other people, and their woinly hearts ache at knowledge of the certain destruction which stares young Jenkins in the face. They forget their own egregious follies and domestic crimes—how they hen-peck hubby, and probably trifle with his rights—in their amazement at the course of Miss Young, who is a bold and forward hussy.

There are also men in this South American town who, lacking the elements of honor or manhood, go about with eyes open to everybody else's designs in order that they may tell wife. They excuse their own wrong-doing by appealing to their gossip-loving partners with a bigger story about somebody else. Thus the circuit is complete, and a supply of food is thus insured to these poisonous reptiles, male and female. Rev. I. S. Kalloch, writing of this town in South America, says: "There were neighborhoods in this city where gossip raged as a pestilence. It was conveyed often by signs, winks, nods, and sometimes by silence. Anonymous letter writers were the worst sort of slanders, and he thought more highly of the devil himself than he did of them. Those who listen to slanders are as bad as the slanders themselves, maintaining that they did a sort of founding hospital for the begetters of lies. Poorhouses, insane asylums, and the ranks of the street-walkers are largely made up of the victims of the slanderer. Many dared not speak their minds or act themselves for fear of the venom of the slanderer. For considerations, the last question on earth he proposed to ask was: What will Mrs. Grundy say? The way to treat such people was to give the devils plenty of rope and see them hang themselves. It was the well-filled fruit trees that bad boys stoned, not those that bore none. Take your enemies as evidence of your sterling worth."

### IMPEACHMENT.

The Potter committee no doubt organized with a plan like this: First get the privilege of examining these matters from a Democratic point of view. Then, besmirch Hayes, and amass what testimony we may against him through the perjurers at our command. Then, when we have enough to excuse us even for an attempt, we will drop the mask and try impeachment. They have followed the programme as well as possible, but, failing to find any grounds in justice or evidence for their meditated treason, have resolved to drop the mask at all events.

Springer talks very glibly about a case against Hayes, and has nothing upon which to found it but the half-acknowledged desires of confessed perjurers. Butler, anxious for political preferment and Democratic support in Massachusetts, has pettifogged shamelessly, trying to misrepresent and begog witnesses. He has been rewarded only by agreeable answers from those who were unworthy of belief, and a stern rebuke from every honest man who took the stand.

Upon this state of affairs these rebels against good government seek to lay a cause for impeachment against Hayes. They are traitors to the public will and their own votes, and should they attempt the last step in their original plan, the honest men of this nation will impeach them as triflers with the public peace and prosperity of the nation.

Ormsby county is one of the most perfectly organized regions in the State. A few citizens are essaying a change in the old state of things and will hold a meeting to see what they can do. Newspaper correspondents are multiplying and epithets are growing in strength and quantity. Verily, the campaign is upon us.

The Truckee *Republican*, in refusing to publish a communication from one "Antelope Doc," writes fifth of a column apology, and signs, "most respectfully, Ed." "Antelope Doc" must be a dangerous character.

### CANDIDATES.

The Mourner's Bench Not Full but Rapidly Filling.

The citizens of Washoe who are anxious to serve the people are coming to the front slowly.

For Washoe's Shrievalty we have George H. Fogg, John Wilson, Isaac Chamberlain and John W. Boynton before the Republicans, and A. K. Lamb and at least one other will also appear when the time appears ripe. Before the Democrats the names of George Schaefer, Jas. P. Winfrey and J. O. Gregory are mentioned publicly with the prospect of an increase in the family by one.

For County Clerk we have Mark Parish on the side of Democracy and J. S. Bowker from the Republicans. The indications point to three new candidates on the Republican beat and at least one more will be added to the Democratic patrol. Comstock is one

For County Treasurer, D. B. Boyd is the only man who seems to care about handling the lucre, and he is Republican, although Republicans are mentioning the name of M. C. Lake in connection with the office, and the Democracy think that Huffaker is the man for them.

For District Attorney the name of Charles Queen has been submitted to the Democracy, and Roger Johnson will be added when the workingmen consent. It is rumored that Wm. Cain, T. V. Julien, and Pierce Evans will court Republican favors in this direction; also some great unknown, who at present refuses to disclose himself.

For Assessor A. A. Evans has announced, and C. A. Richardson is waiting for the dark of the moon.

It is understood that the Democrats have a strong candidate for this office. For Justice of the Peace, Wm. H. Young is a candidate for Republican honors, and J. S. Gilson is named for Democratic preference. For Constable, Sam Fannon is after Republican nomination, and Martin Sanders will look after the unwashed interests. For Road Supervisor A. Thompson is a candidate. For Commissioner we hear the names of B. G. Claw, Peleg Brown and Wm. H. Joy, while the Democrats are talking with Judge Owens. J. B. Williams will be a candidate for Auditor, and also W. H. Treadaway.

The county central committee meets on Monday next, and from that time on we may expect a surprise in the way of announcements each day. The dark horses are holding back until they learn whether those already harnessed can start the load. That question will be determined very soon, and then the cry will be "All aboard for the primries."

Noticing the candidacy of E. Blennerhasset for Lieutenant-Governor, the *Silver State* thinks the matter over and claims that Mr. B.'s misfortune is in his birth place. It is added that Mr. B. first saw the light in South Carolina, and the *State* believes that it would be unwise for the entire Democratic State ticket to come from the wrong side of Mason & Dixon's line. During the coming campaign the Democrats might as well all come from Louisiana as elsewhere.

Mr. Crocker, the railroad king who took advantage of his wealth to make the property of Nicholas Young of no value, has been allowed to succeed. Young's lot adjoined the Crocker mansion and when the latter could not purchase at his own figures, he surrounded Young with a high fence, and finally compelled his removal. If the law will not reach such unprincipled outrages, a dose of Kearney ought to be prescribed.

The *Eureka Leader* thinks that Nevada will not have any third party to interfere with the campaign of 1878. We shall never have a third party if the other two consult public wants, and try to be a help to the people. Times are hard, however, and the public demands consideration, without it, there will be a scratching, which will not help the people while it hurts parties.

Mrs. Jenks has been appointed detective in the Treasury Department, and assigned to duty at the New Orleans Custom House. We confess that this does not look exactly straight. Mrs. Jenks's duplicity and brazen conduct, which has challenged some administration, was chiefly in defense of honest John Sherman, and now she is rewarded. It may be straight, but it looks sinuous.

**STOCK REPORT.****THIS MORNING'S BOARD.**

250 Ophir, 44 43 $\frac{1}{2}$
1405 Mexican, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 22 $\frac{1}{2}$
3000 H & B, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
620 California, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{2}$
725 Savage, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
335 ConVirginia, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
3020 H & B, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ 18 $\frac{1}{2}$
540 H & N, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
760 Point, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
340 Jacket, 14 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
3800 Union, 20 20 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
510 Kentucky, 5 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
395 Alpha, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$
2120 Belcher, 9 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
3330 Northern Nevada, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ 37 $\frac{1}{2}$
275 lbs 32

**HOTEL ARRIVALS.**DEPOT HOTEL.  
W. H. CHAMBERLAIN, PROPRIETOR.

J C James, w/c, Va City	E O Connell, McVille
H P Wauchope, do	J Herrington, Carson
Miss Selvestin, do	P A Wadner, w/c, Phila
Mrs Morris, do	C A Kennedy, S F
E Morris, do	E F Morris, do
J O Powers, do	Miss Bowen, do
M Sullivan, do	W J Hutchings, Aurora
E W Clark, w/c, City	E Armstrong, Iowa
J H Neff, do	Mr Berry, Sacramento

**ARCADE HOTEL.**

DAVE MC FARLAND, PROPRIETOR.

Thos Cullen, C P R R	H Cartwright, Belleville
J S O'Brien, do	Bob Blackmores, S F
John Hayes, Chico	J C Oliver, do
R M Briggs, Bodie	W J Morris, Aurora
Bache, Charlie	R A P Proctor, Winn
Beck, Harry	R G Johnson, Eureka
Brooks, Emma	Moss, Wm
Brooks, Mrs	B M Whitmer, Verdi
Cuerin, Nick	Ogleby, Frank D
Carson, Albert	Peterson, James
Carlin, Mrs Kitter	Spangler, Mike
Conley, Mrs H	Randall, Miss Jane
Conoly, John	Rivers, Edmara E
Dalton, Peter	Ralg, J W
Ersenbach, Mrs	Roberts, Mrs Rachie
Foster, John	Rogers, Mrs R
Fox, Mrs J	Robins, Henry
Gagnon, Joseph	Sheppard, Maud
Gravel, Joseph	Schuit, Henry
Hart, Matt	Schultz, John
Harris, Mrs S A	Sutcliffe, Mrs
Hamilton, Mrs Mattie	Sutherland, D
Hogan, Matt C	Smith, H T
Hardis, C-2	Taylor, Mrs
Hartley, Mrs	Thompson, John
Jussup, Elizabeth	Watson, Jas
Kline, Charles	Wagner, James
Lunn, Wm	White, Mrs Mary
Love, Chents-2	White, Mrs Mary

**LIST OF LETTERS****REMAINING UNCALLED FOR AT THE RENO POST OFFICE AUGUST 16TH.** Parties calling for any of these letters will please say "advised."

Andens, Nellie	Maden Mrs R
Adams, W H	Mathews, G W
Burnett, M. G. B.	Mathews, A M
Burnett, John	Manharm, Gustave-2
Bache, Charlie	Matherson, B H
Beck, Harry	Merrill, Miss Helen
Brooks, Emma	Meyer, John
Brooks, Mrs	Moore, Wm
Cuerin, Nick	Ogleby, Frank D
Carson, Albert	Peterson, James
Carlin, Mrs Kitter	Spangler, Mike
Conley, Mrs H	Randall, Miss Jane
Conoly, John	Rivers, Edmara E
Dalton, Peter	Ralg, J W
Ersenbach, Mrs	Roberts, Mrs Rachie
Foster, John	Rogers, Mrs R
Fox, Mrs J	Robins, Henry
Gagnon, Joseph	Sheppard, Maud
Gravel, Joseph	Schuit, Henry
Hart, Matt	Schultz, John
Harris, Mrs S A	Sutcliffe, Mrs
Hamilton, Mrs Mattie	Sutherland, D
Hogan, Matt C	Smith, H T
Hardis, C-2	Taylor, Mrs
Hartley, Mrs	Thompson, John
Jussup, Elizabeth	Watson, Jas
Kline, Charles	Wagner, James
Lunn, Wm	White, Mrs Mary
Love, Chents-2	White, Mrs Mary

**Which Was the Beast?**

This forenoon a rather well-dressed man reeled down Commercial row in a state of brutal intoxication. At his heels trotted a little shaggy terrier whose shame for the condition of his master was both pitiful and amusing. He kept close to the drunkard, following his staggers, bat so utterly mortified and miserable that he would not raise his head, and let his tail dangle wretchedly. Occasionally the man would stop and clutch a railing, and standing there would sway to and fro. This increased the misery of doggie, who sat himself down on his haunches and cast sneaking glances to the right and left to see if any one was observing.

**Leonidas Lopes.**

L. S. Burchard left for Long valley on horseback this morning to join a party of friends camping there. B. on horseback is one of the most imposing objects that a powerful imagination can conceive of. With the aid of Courtney's derrick he vaulted lightly into the saddle and cantered off from among his friends, losing a link of his backbone at every jog. The remains will be buried in a sarcophagus box from this office to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited. Job work solicited.

**No Chance for Enterprise.**

"I wish," signed an enterprising young man in a Commercial row saloon last evening, where the murder of Tullis by Dye was under discussion, "I wish I could get a chance with a shotgun at a man with \$100,000. He'd never know what struck him."

"Yes," complained an old-timer, "but those fellers with \$100,000 in their breeches generally go to roost at sundown."

There are prospects of another shotgun campaign in South Carolina. The *Charleston News and Courier* says that "The Democracy must assume the offensive at once and pursue to the bitter end every radical, now under charges, who has opposed their candidates. By vigor, aggressiveness, audacity and incessant work, shall Democracy once more conquer."

**CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.**

Another call is to be made this week of \$5,000,000 in 5:20 consols of 1865 for redemption.

Pascal Varnum is on trial at Auburn, Placer county, for the murder of Nelson V. Wagoner.

The peaceable Piutes are being escorted from the vicinity of Silver City, Idaho, to Camp McDermitt.

A hundred thousand dollars in gold coin was shipped from New York for Europe on the 15th.

The yellow fever is increasing at Memphis, Tennessee, and a general hegira of the inhabitants has commenced.

In the course of a drunken quarrel at Umatilla, (W. Ter.) on the 13th, John Knott shot and killed David Brassfield.

The Mechanics' Fair at San Francisco seems to be rather flat this year. The exhibition is described as mediocre, the music as poor, and spectators as limited.

A wood train at St. Helena, Napa county, California, on the 14th, ran into a meat wagon, demolishing it and seriously injuring the driver, a Mr. Bacon.

General Grant, in a private correspondence, says that he would consent to be a candidate for a third term if asked, but would pull no wires to obtain the nomination.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad having issued tickets at half fare to Wallingford, Conn., the gross proceeds to be applied for the relief of sufferers by the late tornado, 20,000 people took advantage of the opportunity.

Francis Thurman, of San Jose, the insane man who lately endeavored to dismember himself with a scythe-blade, made another attempt at self-destruction by stabbing himself in the breast with a pair of scissors, and is now missing, having gone off in his night clothes.

**Selling Dead Bodies.**

Fitzgerald & O'Connor, the undertakers, who inter those unfortunate who die in the city institutions, deny that the body recently claimed in a medical college dissecting-room, had been doubled up in a barrel, or had been doubled up at all, as was reported at the time. As to the charge of demanding from an enthusiastic medical student an exorbitant price for the head of an Indian girl, they say the only asked the price fixed by law, \$6 for the entire body.—S. F. Chronicle.

**A Terrible Death.**

MELROSE, Cal., Aug. 15th.—While the sloop *Caro True* was lying in the creek here last night, a sailor named H. Behlman, in charge, while attempting to wade out in the channel, became imbedded in the mud and there had to wait a fast approaching death. No one heard his cries, but with the morning the laborers on shore discovered his body.

**Way Up.**

The Altoona, Pennsylvania, *Tribune* is responsible for the following: One of two young ladies who recently visited Philadelphia from this place, wrote home as follows: "We attract a great deal of attention promenading the streets like other ladies, and hold up our clothe. Nobody isn't notion nowadays which don't hold up their clothe, and the hiar you holds 'em the more attention you attract."

**Republican Prospects.**

NEW YORK, August 14.—A Tribune Washington special thinks Orth's Indiana district may be lost by the Republican divisions, while the Ninth Ohio (Converse's) may be saved by an independent candidate. Republican prospects are good in Florida. Senator Conover thinks his election for the House secure, and that the other district will be carried by the Republicans.

A fire broke out in the jewelry store of C. A. Gove, in Colusa, on the 13th, and burnt a quarter of a block before it could be stopped. Loss estimated at \$18,000, of which the Colusa County Bank sustained \$5000; partly covered by insurance. The dome of the court house caught fire twice, but was put out without damage.

A young man named Pratt, residing on Mission street, San Francisco, while attempting to beat his way on the western bound train, and when near Bora station, was forcibly put off by the brakeman, and was subsequently found with his thigh broken.

At Fort Laramie and Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the 13th, a violent hail-storm was experienced.

Almost all the glass was destroyed on the south side of several streets. The hailstones measured five and six inches in circumference.

The estate of H. J. Montague, the actor, valued at \$25,000, has been willed to his sister and mother. The remains of the deceased will be buried on the 19th from the "Little Church around the Corner" in New York.

Judge Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco, has decided that there is no authority for the cutting off of cues of Chinese prisoners.

**LADIES****VISITING SACRAMENTO****During the State Fair**

Do not fail to call at

**L. BIEN'S****POPULAR DRY GOODS STORE,**

If you want to get

**Full Value for Your Money.**

Do not purchase elsewhere, at least till you have examined his stock. He's the best.

**Best Black Silks for 75c. per yard and upwards.****The Best Black Cashmere for 75c., \$1, \$1 25 per yard Ever offered in California.****2-Button Kid Gloves, excellent qualities.....**

2-Button Kid Gloves.....1 00

**Domestic Goods,****Flannels,****Linens, Etc.**

At Eastern Prices.

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**FELLOWS'****Compound Syrup!**

OF

**HYPOPHOSPHITES.****THIS DISCOVERY**

Is the result of a series of Scientific Experiments based upon the theory that "for the successful cure of Wasting Diseases, the nervous system must be made vigorous and healthy."

One of the first symptoms of disease affecting the Liver, Lungs, Heart, Stomach, or General Organs is a loss of nervous energy, which is followed by muscular relaxation, weakness, and emaciation of all the organs which depend upon them for health or involuntary muscular action, and a weak respiration.

The inventing action upon this idea that the muscles and nerves depend upon each other for efficient strength and action, and that they must be treated directly in order to produce a rapid recovery of all the organs which they control, became convinced, after months of experiment, that no other preparation produced such potent and direct effect upon the nervous system as this.

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and except in cases of actual organic loss, that it would restore patients suffering from those maladies.

Amongst the diseases overcome by the use of this remedy are the following:—

*Chronic Constipation, Chronic Dyspepsia, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis, Consumption, Chronic Diarrhea, Chronic Laryngitis, Melancholy, Nervous Debility.</*

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L. P. FISHER, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is duly authorized to act as our agent in San Francisco.

### DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

Howard's Pursuit of the Indians—Land Grabbers Who Seek to Despoil the Indians of their Lands.

BAKER CITY, Oregon, August 10.—The Indian excitement in this section has abated wonderfully since the surrender of the Piutes began. The query now on every tongue is, "What will be done with the prisoners?" Popular belief says that they will be taken to the Indian Nation. The surrender is progressing nicely, but is not yet complete, on account of the fact that prisoners come in by ones and twos. They are thus far a sorry-looking set, their pinched faces, almost naked bodies and worn-out horses affording striking evidence of the unceasing pursuit by General Howard's troops after the trail was struck. In fact the Indians say the troops were so close upon them for many days that the Indians were not given time to camp, cook or hunt, and their ammunition having become exhausted, and their horses worn out, they were compelled to break up into small parties, hiding in the mountains, hoping that all the troops would follow the Bannocks, and leave this country open for the Piutes to recruit their worn out forces. On finding that General Howard was determined to provide for Snakes as well as Bannocks, and having lost their leaders, they lost all hope, and concluded to surrender. One old fellow came in yesterday mounted on a colt scarcely a year old. But few are armed, and they with their small fire arms, conspicuous among the lot being an old Hudson Bay rifle. The prisoners say the hostile losses have been very heavy, and that but for the almost impassable nature of the country through which they have traveled, preventing the possibility of their being surrounded and forced to fight, they would have been whipped long ago. The only remaining hostile chief, Ots, with about 50 followers, is hunting deer in the vicinity of Ironsides mountain, waiting to learn the nature of the reception given members of his band who have already surrendered, before doing so himself. Considerable uneasiness is felt among the best citizens in this country concerning affairs at Umatilla Agency, there being a class of people in that vicinity who covet the Indians' land, and seem determined to have those Indians break out, and thereby forfeit their reservation, let the price, paid in the lives of innocent, defenseless settlers be what it may. One would naturally think that such a class would be driven out of the country, or, at least, compelled to drop their infamous land-grabbing scheme by the powerful lever, the press; but one ceases to be surprised at anything when the publishers of some of our frontier sheets do not stop on account of some imaginary personal grievance, to publish the most unmitigated falsehoods against General Howard, who has considered neither personal comfort nor health during this whole campaign, but has organized and carried out under his personal observation one of the most unceasing and tireless pursuits ever put upon record, moving army and wagon trains through a country that would be pronounced impassable by any person unacquainted with the events of this campaign.

### Minor Planets Discovered.

Another of the minor planets discovered by Professor Peters at Clinton, New York, brings up their whole number to 188, nine of which have been found since the beginning of the year, and sixteen during the last eleven months. Numbers 173, 177 and 178 have been named Ino, Irma and Bellisana, while three of last year's planets are still without names. Of the nine planets found since the beginning of the present year, No. 180 discovered by Perrotin at Toulouse on January 29, has received the name Garunna; No. 181, discovered Cotteton at marssiles on February 2, the name Eucharia. Of the three planets, Nos. 182, 183 and 184, found by Palisa at Pola in February, only the last has yet a name Dejopeja.

### Death of Bill Poole's Murderer.

NEW YORK, August 11th.—A Paris dispatch says that Lewis Baker, who shot Bill Poole in New York in 1855, has died in that city. Baker lived in Paris, under the assumed name of Jackson.

### A Comstock Scandal.

Last evening's Gold Hill *News* tells this pleasing story: The knowing ones of Virginia were on the *qui vive* to-day because of an anticipated divorce, for the coming of which everything had been arranged. It was expected that Judge Rising would be in chambers and hear and determine the case in accordance with the agreement between the parties. So far everything has been conducted quietly, for the parties are among the *bon ton*. Everything has been done by stipulation and never a paper filed in the Clerk's office. The referee has been named and has taken the evidence of both parties and it is voluminous and unfit for the public eye or ear; for the complaint contains serious charges of infidelity against the wife, and the answer equally serious charges against the husband. But they have now agreed to call it quits. The wife leaves her child, but takes her jewels, wardrobe, etc., and is to receive \$700 in cash, and the interest on \$5000 for a specified time, and is to leave Virginia. The disappointment caused by the failure of Judge Rising to put in an appearance is all the greater as the wife is expected to rush from the bar of divorce directly to the arms of her new lover, so that to-morrow's sequel to the simple story would have been a marriage announcement.

### A Brave Tourist.

On Tuesday morning last, as the Idaho was steaming out from San Francisco bound for Portland, and while yet on the bar outside the heads, a colored waiter of the Idaho named Thomas Dolan deliberately plunged into the seething ocean. A young English tourist, named Pharoburg Clapper, seeing the man overboard, and not knowing his act to be a deliberate one, plunged after him, but owing to the high running sea was unable to reach him. A soldier, also a passenger, followed the tourist and leaped into the sea. The steamer, of course, was immediately stopped and the engines reversed. A life boat was manned and lowered, and the volunteers were rescued, but before the boat could reach the colored man he had sunk out of sight. Love is the inspired cause for the fatal leap. Yesterday evening a meeting of the passengers was held in the saloon of the steamer, and resolutions were adopted commanding the heroic act of Clapper.

### The Insulted Subscriber.

Burlington *Hawkeye*: Yesterday morning a heavy-browed man, with the tramp of a dragoon, strode into the business office of the *Hawkeye* and ordered his paper stopped. It was stopped, right on a hyphen, never waiting to finish the sentence. The man waited a moment to give the manager an opportunity to ask "Why," but the manager went on answering a letter from the Emperor of China relative to the terms for the daily and special advertising rates, and didn't seem to take much interest in anything else. Finally the man broke out: "I know when I'm insulted. I am poor. Here was me, takin' this paper nigh unto eleven years, and when my daughter Sal was married last week, you must go and call her S-a-r-a-h. We don't put on so much style as some folks, but it grawls us just as bad to be called out of our honest names." And the indignant subscriber, refusing to listen to any apologies or explanations, went up to Marion Hall and joined the Democrats.

### Hugged to Death.

Most any girl likes to be hugged, but there is such a thing as getting too much of that sort of fun. Adele Millet, of Tours, found this out. Her body was recently found in a room in the city. The room was in the greatest disorder, the bed upset, the vases were shattered to pieces, and in the center lay the body without any visible sign of violence. A doctor who was called in, however, noticed that the tongue protruded, and he then ascertained that the poor woman had actually been embraced to death by some one of herculean force, for there were no less than twenty-four fractures on the upper part of her body.—Ex.

### Ignorance in India.

The India Office statistics show that at present a hundred million women in India are sunk in absolute ignorance, being unable to read a syllable of their mother tongue, and untaught as to the simplest rules of health and life, the laws of God or scientific Hinduism; in fact, a feeling exists in most Hindoo families that the girl who has learned to read and write has committed a sin, sure to bring down judgment upon her and her husband.

### The Last of the Triplets.

San Francisco *Chronicle*: The only survivor of the Folsom-street triplets, Lucienne, known as "Pink Ribbon," is in an extremely weak state, her face waxen white and her tiny hands almost transparent. Although nearly six months old she looks scarcely larger or stronger than a week-old infant. Her trouble would seem to be the same as her sister's, marasmus, a gradual wasting away of the flesh without any apparent cause or reason.

### LETTER FROM CARSON.

The Weather Affects our Correspondent—Spiritualists at the Hub—Political Pie.

CARSON, August 9th. Pheu, what weather! The heated wave lingers long and lovingly over Eagle valley, and inanimate nature begins to raise rebellious voice to heaven. Everywhere the withering effect of the heat is apparent. Nothing escapes its blistering power. Even an immortal thought, soaring from imprisonment is emasculated by its deadly blight. Nevertheless, one must do something to lift the mind out of the stupor induced by these miserable dog-days. And so communing with myself, I resolved to write a letter to the *GAZETTE*. That I have nothing especially to say is of no significance in my present state of mind and body, and so my pencil moves lazily over the paper. Perhaps I think I hear you say, aimlessly is more apposite. I will not quarrel with you, John, for to quarrel one must put forth exertion, and of exertion your subscriber is utterly incapable. Well,

### TO BEGIN

at the beginning, as little boys are wont to say when clamoring for mental stimulants of a marvelous and awe-inspiring nature. You must know that Carson is a beautiful town, the capital of the State, and the proud possessor of a prison, a race track, an Ormsby House, a Pantlind, a Carson *Tribune*, generous and hospitable people—what am I saying? Is it not true that all these have long ago passed into history, sponsored by the erudite and venerable editor of Carson's loudest paper? What profit then, for me to enter upon the field of labor of my editor friend? I refuse, kindly but firmly refuse, to disturb *pedates*. We will draw the veil of privacy about sacred things. Let us talk further, good friend; maybe a kernel of ripe, full wheat may yet be sifted from this chaff. Can I not loose an idea that may leave grateful impression with you, before it is born aloft to other spheres? Alas! the Levite, pass by on the other side.

Although injustice may be done in a few hours in which to leave town, this has accomplished the result at which the citizens have aimed. By some mysterious means the tramps have learned that Reno just now is a hard place to stop at, and, like the Levite, pass by on the other side.

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## RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

### LOCAL AFFAIRS.

#### THE AUBURN MILL.

##### Some Good Work that it is doing for Outlying Mines.

Ores from all parts of the State are arriving at the Auburn mill for reduction. The mill, under the management of Jones & Kinkead, has earned a first-class reputation in all respects. As has already been stated, on Monday last a car-load of ore from the noted Sheba mine of Humboldt county came down, and is now being treated. On Saturday last a car-load from the Silver Monarch mines, also of Humboldt, arrived; accompanying the same was Mr. S. E. Holcombe, general manager for the company. Mr. Holcombe was desirous of testing the different grades of ore lying on the dumps, which were not considered profitable to ship to San Francisco to be sold on assay values, and also to prove to the company the desirability of building a mill on the Humboldt river, which runs about six miles east of the mines. The ore when sampled from the batteries and chlorides ran up to ninety-four per cent. The car-load of the considered unprofitable and, indeed, a dead loss if shipped to San Francisco, yielded fine bullion worth \$1 19 per ounce. The pulp assays gave the following results: Silver State, \$146 63; Chrystal, \$195 85; Silver Monarch, average of mixed ore, \$146; screenings, \$94 07. This has so revolutionized matters that the Manager will return to the mines and continue regular shipments until the company determine to build a mill of their own. The Surprise and Franklin companies of Central district have a large quantity of ore upon their dumps which will be shipped to the Auburn mill. A number of other shipments are on the way from parties who wish to demonstrate facts in milling their ores preparatory to erecting their own mills. By so doing, thousands of dollars will be saved to the mines, as it is well known that assays will not satisfactorily prove the value of the mine. Mill workings are the best guarantee that investors have for their capital.

#### A Heart-Broken Female.

Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock a string of hideous screams rang out upon the hot air of Commercial row, and a general rash was made for the east end of Earl's warehouse, whence the agonized screams proceeded. It was a Pinto squaw. A poker game had been in progress. The aboriginal female was down on her luck. A buck had won her bead necklace and her birth-day moccasins; a squaw had got away with her yellow handkerchief; another had won all the clothes that the law would allow her to ante. In desperation the squaw put up her dog, a dirty little poodle. Another squaw raked in the pot. Then the great agony of a stricken soul found voice and the quiet of the town was broken by howls that would have served as a sensational accompaniment to a double murder. A buck promptly choked the lady into silence, while a sympathetic sister cut a hole in the bottom of a gunny sack and gave it to her to put on.

#### Fair Stock Booming.

The citizens interested in fair matters met at the opera house last night. The committee on subscriptions for the pavilion reported that \$3473 had been subscribed. The committee on special premiums reported having received premiums to the value of \$215. J. Frazier and James C. Woodward each stood up and gave \$25 apiece to the pavilion fund. A committee, composed of T. K. Hyners, J. S. Shoemaker, L. L. Crockett and C. C. Stevenson was appointed to act with the President of the society to select a site for the pavilion. The meeting adjourned to Friday evening next.

#### A Perilous Position.

There is a rumor afloat that the candidates of Reno are organizing to capture and imprison on trumped-up charges the half-dozen citizens who have not yet announced themselves. It only costs \$5, and the man who would run the risk of losing his liberty rather than pay that paltry sum to the GAZETTE ought to be sent to jail.

#### A Poetical Gem.

The Sweet Singer of Michigan may look to her socks. Reno has a singer herself. A poem, written in a feminine hand arrived at this office this morning. The opening stanza will do for a starter, and if the weather grows hotter a few more lines will be cut off and hung out to dry where the public may see them:

On a hole in some secluded bog—  
Where, far from men and melling sunshine,  
I might wallow like a hog.

#### Enterprising Scissors.

The Enterprise is perfectly welcome to anything it may find in the GAZETTE which it wishes to reproduce, but it would be just as well to credit matter borrowed from these columns to the GAZETTE, and not to other papers. This sort of thing the Enterprise does nearly every day. If it is distasteful to give proper credit, don't give any credit at all, but steal the items outright.

## ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

### Remarkable Success of a Saving Young Man of Reno.

The only sure road to wealth for the young man who has only himself to rely upon, is economy. If only a dollar a day is earned, ten or twenty cents should be saved. A young man who will pursue this course can not be kept down. We know two young men in Reno who are admirable examples of the prudent and the imprudent. The prudent young man learned a trade, and for the past five years has been living on the Reese plan, eating just enough to support life, and going shabby as to dress—almost in rags. He was never known to spend a cent for anything that was not absolutely necessary. The imprudent youth has always gone in for gorgeous raiment, lived on the best of his earnings, could buy the girls to the theatre, enjoyed a camping trip every summer, and no way has taken thought of the morrow. Now, mark the difference. The prudent young man showed the imprudent young man last Saturday \$1,000 in gold notes which he had saved by pinching and starving himself. The imprudent young man at once asked the prudent youth to take a drink, and as the prudent young man was never known to refuse anything that he could get for nothing, he accepted several, and then a number more. As the Sabbath sun rose upon Reno the prudent young man had acquired two things—a bursting head and a knowledge of the game of poker. The imprudent young man had acquired \$1,000. He bought Sierra Nevada and Union on a margin and is now wealthy, while the prudent young man keeps up the drunk.

#### Granite Monument.

In the alley between the GAZETTE office and the Golden Eagle hotel, for several months past at odd days and hours, a granite monument, erstwhile described in these columns, has been growing into proportion under the industrious hands of genial John Courtney. Although it has not yet received the finishing touches, the monument is in place and presents a tasty and imposing appearance. It is some eleven or twelve feet in height, well balanced and proportioned. The stone of which it is made was obtained from a quarry near town, and is sufficiently handsome and durable, we think, to perpetuate the name of a printer, Governor, Senator, or in fact, any other ordinary mortal. Those in want of an article of the kind should give this monument an inspection.

#### A Fire in Gold Hill.

Friday night about 11 o'clock a coal-oil lamp exploded in the house of James Andicott, just south of the Homestead house, in Gold Hill. The flames communicated with the furniture very rapidly, and Mrs. Andicott was severely burned about the breast and arms in endeavoring to put the fire out. The heat finally drove out the occupants of the house, which was then burned in a few minutes, and an adjoining house was considerably damaged. The lamp which occasioned the explosion was one of the old-fashioned kind, without a valve in the burner, to allow the gas to escape. The loss on the two houses was about \$1,000.

#### Narrow Escape.

The Carson Appeal of Sunday has this to say of a Veridian's narrow escape: Jack Foulke, of Verdi, like to have lost the number of his mess yesterday. He was so standing that when a train which was moving at, through or out of an open switch, in some irregular or eccentric manner at Reno, it came within an ace of running right over him. Of course, if he had got in the way of the wheels it would have been good-bye, Jack Foulke! As it was, he hung on the standing rigging of the hind steps, like grim debt to a bankrupt stock gambler. So we learn from conductor Hobart.

#### Workingmen's Meeting.

The Workingmen's party held a meeting at the opera house on Saturday evening. Brown, the President of the organization, presided. A number of speeches were made and a resolution condemning a resort to violence to accomplish any of the ends at which the party aims was adopted. S. F. Hoole, recently fired out of the labor family, was taken back again and made a speech endorsing Kearney and abusing the press. A slight rumpus between two of the audience made things interesting and enjoyable for a few minutes and then the meeting adjourned.

#### Reno's Funniest Citizen.

Dave Lachman, that inveterate joker and one of Reno's most brilliant wits, accosted a GAZETTE reporter last evening on Commercial Row in a state of apparent excitement. "Did you see Shon?" inquired the reporter. "What John?" asked the stupid journalist. "Vy, demishon mit a long neck!" Haw, haw, haw!" The reporter never felt so foolish before in all his life.

## Very Likely Fatal.

Several accidents, all save one of little consequence, happened some of the Caledonian picnickers on Saturday. The severe one is thus described by the Virginia *Enterprise*:

As the excursion train was nearing the picnic grounds at Dall's ranch, three men who were in a light wagon were seen coming toward Franktown, driving their team at a gallop. In making a short turn when within about a quarter of a mile of Franktown one of the men, Serden Gosele, was thrown from the wagon. It is thought that a wheel passed over him, as when he was taken up from the ground his left arm was found to be broken between the left shoulder and elbow, his lower jaw was broken on the right side and he was thought to be badly injured in the head, as blood oozed from his ears. He was in an insensible condition when taken from the ground. He was taken to a hotel in Franktown, where he received every possible attention. At 6 o'clock last evening, when the excursion train left, the man was still unconscious and the physicians in attendance were of the opinion that he would not live more than two hours. He is a French Canadian, from this city, and has been working at the Belcher mine.

#### "Alike Same."

In these times of rampant rioters and complaining Chinamen, the least incident tending to show feeling upon either side is interesting. The *Enterprise* tells what John thinks of his betters in repeating that a big team loaded with wood while turning from a cross street into Main street, Lower Gold Hill, ran into the wash-house of Sung Lee. There was a terrible crash; part of the corner of the building came out, about a cord of wood, tumbled down, and Sung Lee, with his smoothing-iron in his hand, saluted forth in all the majesty of his wrath. "What matter you," cried the indignant Celestial, who appeared to look upon the accident as a personal insult—"What for you all time d—n fool! You save jackass? Him jackass you all same blunder!"

#### To Carson for Life.

Sheriff Sias, of Eureka, passed through to Carson on Monday, having in charge Mr. Alf. Chartz, one of the publishers of the Eureka *Republican*, who shot and killed a railroad conductor named Ricker about two months ago for addressing a grossly insulting letter to him and repeating the insult to his face. The jury found a verdict against Mr. Chartz of murder in the second degree, and Cole, the Eureka District Judge, imposed the full penalty. Both verdict and sentence are considered somewhat remarkable. Mr. Chartz' wife, to whom he has been married little more than a year, gave birth to a child on Saturday evening. He was sentenced on the same afternoon.

#### Heavy Stock Transactions.

Deputy Sheriff Jones on Monday organized a stock board all by himself in Virginia street and requested the assembled shippers to bid on 5499 shares of Crown Prince. The stock belonged to Z. L. King and was offered for sale on a judgment. After shouting for fifteen or twenty minutes, the Deputy succeeded in knocking down the valuable security at three cents per share.

#### For Sheriff.

John W. Boynton, a sterling Republican, announces himself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff. Mr. Boynton is an old citizen, identified with the agricultural interest and is well known and respected in this community. He has never before sought office, and is eminently well fitted for the position to which he aspires.

#### An Infamous Libel.

We would not be as mad as the editor of the Reno GAZETTE is for the flag-staff on Mount Davidson—which, by the way, he tried to purchase for this grove, would be appreciated by any one who can not enjoy 100 degrees in the shade.

J. H. Hill, of the Winnemucca *Silver State*, favored the GAZETTE office with a call this morning. Mr. Hill is looking well, and is as pleasant a gentleman as one could expect to find.

The severest sufferers by the burning of Chinatown, were the degraded white wretches given to "hitting" the opium pipe. They get their regular doses of the drug in the wash-houses now, however, and are happy again.

Becker's cat is dead—the dissipated cat that acquired the jin-jums by drinking the drippings from the beer kegs. It reformed once or twice for a short space, but always returned to its beer. Last night exhausted nature gave out, and the beery beast took its last drink and died.

There is a horrid belief gaining ground among the ladies of Reno that all this talk about a riot originated with the married men, who show a feverish eagerness to stay out every night under pretence of being obliged to patrol the town.

Some of the more advanced Piutes are going in for moustaches. The result is frightful to look upon.

## JOTTINGS.

—Sagebrush fires in the vicinity of Glendale reddens the sky these nights.

—The Caledonian picnic on Saturday was well attended. There was lots of fun.

—Although the days are unendurably hot, the nights are cool and very beautiful.

—We're willing to bet a cold bath that Reno has hotter weather and more of it than any town in the State.

—Chinatown is as bare and black as it was last Sunday morning. None of the heathens dare to begin rebuilding.

—The Cherry Creek *Independent* says in effect that James C. Hagerman of Reno started the Daily *Record*. We do not believe it.

—Last evening's overland train took East Mrs. C. C. Powning and Mrs. Irwin Ayres. The ladies will be absent several months.

—The Trucker is so low in the vicinity of the iron bridge, that an agile person might leap from rock to rock and cross dry shed.

—Quite a large delegation of young men and maidens, and bald-headed persons, left Reno this morning for the Caledonian picnic at Dall's grove.

—Vest buttons are a mere useless survival of a once necessary article. With fat men the vest itself has become obsolete.

—The mountains are full of Reno camping parties, and the rancher sleeps with a cocked shotgun by his side and keeps up telegraphic communication with the hen house.

—Where is Judge Wright's explanation of the Ricard fees which was called for by the morning Whitewasher recently in such a loud voice? Has he none to make? If so, where is the gallant General Clarke?

—The eastward-bound emigrant cars are pretty well filled with returning gold hunters who have had their ardent and strenuous efforts effectually dissipated and who also found port and beans almost as hard to get as nuggets in California.

—The hot weather has its compensation after all. The ladies all go in for white, and a woman who doesn't look pretty in pure, fresh white flounces won't look pretty under any circumstances.

—Brother Loughborough, familiarly known as the two-horned beast, continues to hold his Second Advent meetings in his neat white tent. It is probable that a sufficient number of converts will be made to justify the formation of a church in the sect in Reno.

—There is a large number of camping parties making things lively at Webber and Independence lakes. There are lots of trout, but it is hard to capture them. Game is not very plentiful, but the folks are having more than enough fun.

—The rounders who, erstwhile infested the street corners late at night are seen no more. The "toughs" are lying low until this excitement has passed over. The excitement, so far as these fellows are concerned, should be kept up permanently.

—John Kelly, the well known violinist, called at the GAZETTE office accompanied by his charming and talented wife. Mr. Kelly leaves this afternoon for Virginia City, where he will give a performance and on his return may be induced to favor Reno.

—Chinatown will no doubt have to move.

—Grey & Isaacs have received another large invoice of dry goods.

—Serden Gosele, the man thrown from a wagon at Franktown on Saturday, is dead.

—B. B. Norton has so far recovered as to be able to take a daily drive. It is now hoped that he may get well.

—The citizens of Verdi have organized for protection against the tramps. Before long it will take a man of no ordinary courage to allow himself to be seen on foot near a strange Nevada town.

—Even a day's seclusion in a grove like that of Win. Merrill's at Verdi; a fine bath in the river which runs by this grove, would be appreciated by any one who can not enjoy 100 degrees in the shade.

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The severest sufferers by the burning of Chinatown, were the degraded white wretches given to "hitting" the opium pipe. They get their regular doses of the drug in the wash-houses now, however, and are happy again.

#### Don't Forget It.

If you are troubled with nervousness, are disheartened, tired of life, fear death or feel out of sorts, as the saying is, you may safely conclude that you have the Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint. The liver is very apt to become torpid at this season of the year, as poisons arising from marshes, stagnant water are more numerous, and are, through inhalation, taken into the blood. Unless the liver is strong and active, and furnishes a supply of fresh and pure blood to drive out the impurities, the above mentioned symptoms surely follow, and if not healed, end in more terrible diseases and death. White's Prairie Flower proves itself the great liver panacea. Its action on the liver is different from any medicine ever compounded. Its cures are truly wonderful. Try it. Price, twenty-five cents and seventy-five cents. For sale by our druggists, OSBORN & SHOEMAKER.

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## A GREAT REMEDY.

### SIMMOND'S

### N A B O

### W H I S K Y .

—FOR—

Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness.

### The Purest and Best

—FOR ALL—

### Medicinal and Family Purposes.

—H A S BEEN SOLD IN ALL THE EASTERN STATES AND GIVEN UNIVERSAL Satisfaction. It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

It is to be inferred from the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by certificates of the eminent Dr. J. H. HAYES, State Surgeon of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. LOUDERBACK of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all persons who purchase it that it is of the best.

Dyspepsia is called the national disease of this country, and many persons who have been given it are frequently said that people work too much, eat too fast, sleep too little, tax the powers of nerve and brain too incisively, drink too much ice water, eat too much hot bread, smoke much tobacco, give way to many excesses, and consequently produce

sentiment in the system. A short life and a hasty one seem to be the sentiment that chiefly influences a large number of persons, but for all that no person feels at ease when suffering in health. Now, however, much or little truth should be attached to the opinion of physicians



## WEBBER AND INDEPENDENCE.

### "GAZETTE" CAMPING PARTY.

Nine Days at Webber and Independence Lakes, in Sierra County, Cal.—Many Objects of Interest—Full Description of these Lakes, Etc.

"By the forest lakes and fountains,  
Through the many folded mountains."

Saturday afternoon, August 3d, the *Gazette* camping party left Reno for an eight or nine days trip of rest, rustication and pleasure among the mountains and on the prettiest lakes of Sierra county.

Our main object in this article shall be to describe the lakes in question, and other points of interest to those who may desire to take a similar trip.

After securing our team and the necessary equipments for our trip, a strange admixture of old clothes, blankets, tin cups, "tobacco," etc., all partly obscuring the forms of five enthusiastic individuals seated in an uncovered spring wagon, and drawn by a span of horses by no means the superiors in speed to *Rarus* and *Parole*, might have been seen moving out of Reno late in the afternoon of the above date. At Verdi we made our

#### FIRST HALF FOR THE NIGHT.

Merrill's grove is where we should have camped, but B. best is the fearful selection. This camp, however, had several artifices as well as natural advantages among the former not the least of which was a large wood pile at the flume dump. Early

the next morning we arrayed "Narrative" and "Esophagus," our festive steeds, in their team apparel, and saluted forth to greet the cool retreat of Webber lake, nestled among the mountains thirty miles away. The road passed over in the old Henness Pass road, and is very rocky in some places, and there are a number of long heavy pulls up the mountain grades. Shortly after 6 o'clock we reached the top of our last hill, gazed for a minute on the lovely valley before us, dove down among the tall pines and tamarack, and, almost as if the curtain to some exquisite panorama had been drawn suddenly aside, there, in its beauty and loveliness lay

#### WEBBER LAKE.

We had suffered in Reno the severities of an almost tropical temperature; we now beheld the object of our search, and were more than satisfied in our anticipations.

Webber lake is in Sierra county, Cal., about forty miles nearly west of Reno, twenty-four miles northwest of Truckee, and one mile east of the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. It is directly on the line of the Henness Pass road which was once the much traveled mail route from Virginia City to Nevada City, Cal. The lake is nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, or covers exactly 240 square acres. Its waters are

#### VERY CLEAR AND PURE.

The lake is not deep, measuring only eighty-six feet at the point of its greatest depth. The shores are clean and one can therefore land his boat at any point on the shore line. The surroundings of the lake are all that one can ask. There is a fine body of grazing land to the south, and heavy forests of pine and tamarack to the north, east and west. The valley land comprises perhaps 1000 acres, and slopes gently to the bases of the surrounding mountains. The lake is fed from the mountains by many springs, but principally by the Truckee creek which flows into the lake on its south side. The outlet of Webber is the Little Truckee, which issues from the eastern side. This stream constitutes one of the principal tributaries of the Truckee river.

#### FALLS OF THE LITTLE TRUCKEE.

About half a mile from the lake the waters of the Little Truckee plunge over a wild precipice into a deep, rocky gorge. The first fall is about forty feet, the water falling into a basin in the hard rock, where it seems to quietly ensconce itself for a time as if pleased with its bold leap, and then, after a minute's rest, cautiously steals to the brink of a second precipice, and leaps seventy-five or 100 feet down into a second basin. Just above these rocky receptacles, and near the water's edge, grow several rare and most beautiful flowers. We have not seen garden flowers which excelled in symmetry those which we found in the above terribly rugged rock-ribbed gorge. Their stamens and pistils were particularly delicate in color and form.

#### LOVER'S LAKE.

A short distance from the eastern shore of Webber, is a lakelet called Lover's lake. This we did not visit as we do not favor the idea of one giving way to his feelings in high latitudes. Webber, be it remembered, according to the card, is 6925 feet above sea level, although one would

naturally presume that it is nearer 7500 since apparently it is higher than Independence lake which is 7000 feet above the level of the ocean.

#### LAKE OF THE WOODS.

Nearly two miles north of Webber may be found the Lake of the Woods. This is a small lake covering perhaps 100 acres. It is simply a natural reservoir for the springs which issue here and there from the side of the long mountain ridge, which nearly surrounds it. It has an outlet on the west side, the waters of which find their way into Webber. On the top of this mountain ridge north east of the lake we come to Observation Point. From here one has a fine view of Sierra valley, the mountains around Virginia city; in a word a section of nearly 100 miles in diameter.

#### CLIMATE.

The thermometer during this hot weather runs as high as 80 degrees from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. and by 3 A. M. stands about 45 degrees. But these changes are so gradual that one is not affected uncomfortably by them. The air is also laden with a resinous odor, and in its general composition so healthful that its effect on the lungs and the entire system is most salutary. One seems possessed of new life while inhaling it. But of these things we cannot speak in a satisfactory manner. The air, water, trees, rocks, valley, mountains, etc., all come in for their share in the grand contribution to one's delight and general pleasurable recreation. There is a happy lassitude which steals over one and ere he is aware makes him forget care and business. He is submerged in a dream-life and experiences delights, which the pen would but mock itself in an attempt to describe.

#### ACCOMMODATIONS.

The Webber lake hotel on the north side of the lake is a commodious house, with well furnished rooms and an excellent table. Dr. D. G. Webber, the proprietor, was absent, but his manager, Mr. A. Jay Anderson, supplied our wants in a most accommodating spirit and extended to us courtesies which only can emanate from a gentleman. The charges at the hotel are \$2.50 per day or \$12 to \$16 per week. Fishing in the lake is very poor in this season. In June or in Oct, those fine silver trout will take the hook. There is also but little game to be found around the lake. On the south side in the marsh land and where there are ponds, may be found small flocks of ducks and in the mountains west of the lake are grouse and quail.

#### DANCE.

When there are an unusual number of campers and boarders, Mr. Anderson offers his large dining room to these parties for an informal dance. Our party thought that a soiree just before leaving Webber was a matter entirely in keeping with custom and quite necessary to round off our visit to that most charming spot. The writer mounted a steed and rode three miles down the valley to Mr. Woodward's dairy ranch, procured the necessary music and then began the fun. We all came into the ball room in our camping costume. The music, consisting of a guitar and piccola, was excellent. There was no formality, there was expressive hospitality, good sense in word and action, a time which for real enjoyment will be long remembered by those present.

And now we turn our steps most reluctantly from Webber. We pass over the hill and gaze an Arcadian farewell to the spot where, in the beneficent lap of nature reposes a sheet of water almost hallowed to us by hours and days of fond recollections. Our article is already of too great length for our reader's patience, and we shall but briefly describe the remaining places visited by our party, leaving the industries carried on in that mountain land for a separate item.

#### INDEPENDENCE LAKE.

Ten miles southeast of Webber lies lake Independence. This lake is entirely different from Webber. The scenery is grander, but not so artistic, and for a quiet, pleasant camping party of ladies and gentlemen, is not so well suited as Webber; but for those who take pleasure in climbing mountains, sailing on deep waters and energetically grasping the rugged master-strokes of nature, Independence surpasses Webber. This lake is also in Sierra county, and is fourteen miles northwest of Truckee. It is three miles long, and at its greatest width less than one mile. It extends in nearly a north and south direction. Its depth has never been ascertained, but is evidently, in places, over 1000 feet deep. Its waters are very clear and pure, as are those of Webber. At the south end we found a marshy meadow covered with willows and grass, and interlaced with little streams of water flowing from the surrounding mountains into the lake. From the north end issues Independence creek, which is a tributary of the Little Truckee river. On the east and west sides the

#### STEEP MOUNTAINS

descend to the water's level. At the

head of the lake, standing forth in bold relief, in Mount Rose. To the west we find Mount Lola, the highest mountain in the neighborhood. The names of these mountains have become interchanged. Mount Lola as it now is, was originally Mount Rose, and was so named on account of the beautiful wild flowers which grow luxuriantly near its summit.

#### MT. LOLA.

is 9280 feet above the sea level, and last year was made a government signal station. Professor Davidson's party flashed signals by large reflectors to observers on Mt. Diablo, 204 miles distant. Owing to an insufficiency in the appropriation funds the station was abandoned. From the top of this mountain the spectator can see the Sierra Buttes, Lassen's Peak, which is 158 miles distant, Mt. Diablo, the Sacramento valley, Lake Tahoe, Mt. Davidson, Truckee, Reno, and the mountains far out in Humboldt county. The ascent to the mountain may be made from any side. From the lower end of the lake it is five miles by trail. Near the top of the mountain the tourist may gather most beautiful flowers and mosses such as the Azalea, and club and fir mosses.

#### KATE NASH CAVE.

Near the top of the mountain ridge, southeast of the south end of the lake, is found at the base of an immense cathedral rock, is a very peculiar cave. We did not learn the name of this cave, but christened it the Kate Nash cave, since her name was the only one which we found written upon the walls of this very unique handiwork of nature. The ascent of this cave is exceedingly difficult and even dangerous, and the lady who has the pluck to visit it certainly should give name to it. We also learned on good authority that this lady and another lady did make the trip. The cave is very small and will not repay the tourist for trouble and risk. It is about fifty feet in length, twenty feet in breadth and from twenty to twenty feet in height. On entering the cave a light smell of sulphur greets the nerves of smell. A small stream of ice cold water percolates from the rocks at the further end of the cave. The surrounding rocks are covered with fine moss. The rock wall evidently contains a small quantity of lime, traces of iron, sulphur, and opaque white quartz, while the mass is principally hornblende.

The feed around both lakes is excellent. Game is scarce, and fishing poor. Webber is open to visitors from June 1st to October 25th, the snow covering the ground in winter from ten to sixteen feet, and the lake freezing over. Independence is open from the May 1st to December 1st. The snow in winter is not so deep as at Webber, but the lake freezes over. There are more buildings at Independence than at Webber, and the charges are more moderate. We advise camping parties to go to both lakes. Such trips are really money in pocket. They get us out of the ruts, give us improved health and add a deal of solid enjoyment to life.

#### A FATAL FEUD IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Times Augusta, Ga., dispatch of the 13th says: A difficulty occurred at Edgefield, South Carolina, to-day, in which three men, Booker Toney, Thomas Booth and James Booth, were killed, and seven others wounded, one of them mortally. The trouble grew out of a family feud of long standing. Toney's brother was killed several years ago and Toney suspected that the murder was committed by the Booths. He therefore swore that he would kill the latter on sight. The hostile parties met to-day, when Toney proceeded to carry out his threat. He drew a pistol and fired, killing the two Booths before he was shot himself. The friends of both parties were drawn into the fight, and about seventeen shots were fired in all. There was a Democratic political meeting in progress at the time about a half mile from the shooting of Edgefield, and Governor Hampton, who was at the meeting, as soon as he heard of the fight, ordered a company of State troops to the scene. There was no fighting after the troops reached the spot. Toney killed a negro in Edgefield a short time ago.

#### A FAMILY QUARREL.

The contest of Father Cuddihy, the Roman Catholic priest of Milford, Massachusetts, with the Ancient Order of Hibernians continues. That organization recently planned a picnic and Father Cuddihy did the same. He also instructed all good Catholics to keep away from the opposition picnic. The two picnics, therefore, became a test of the strength of the opposing parties. Father Cuddihy had about 1500 people at his entertainment, but the Hibernians had about 2000, including, however, some persons from out of town.

A Galveston News Fort Clark special says: Six cow-boys found a band of eight Indians this morning at daylight on the Nueces river. A sharp fight ensued, resulting in the killing of four Indians. One was taken prisoner and is now in the guard-house at Fort Clark. One cow-boy received a flesh wound in the neck; the others were

## ANTI-TRAMP LEGISLATION.

### An Effective Though Somewhat Stringent Law.

An anti-tramp bill has just passed the New Hampshire Legislature. It reads as follows:

SECTION 1. Any person going about from place to place, begging and asking or subsisting upon charity, shall be taken and deemed to be a tramp, and shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison not more than fifteen months.

SECTION 2. Any tramp who shall enter any dwelling house or kindle any fire on the land of another without the consent of the owner or occupant thereof, or shall be found carrying any fire-arm or dangerous weapon, or shall threaten to do any injury to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison not more than five years.

SECTION 3. Any tramp who shall wilfully and maliciously do any injury to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison not more than five years.

SECTION 4. Any act of beggary or vagrancy by any person not a resident of this State shall be evidence that the person committing the same is a tramp within the meaning of this act.

SECTION 5. Any person, upon view of any offense described in this act, may apprehend the offender, and take him before a Justice of the Peace for examination, and, on his conviction, shall be entitled to a reward of \$100 therefor.

SECTION 6. The Mayor of every city and the Selectmen of every town are hereby authorized and required to appoint special constables, whose duty it shall be to arrest and prosecute all tramps in their respective cities and towns.

SECTION 7. This act shall not apply to any female or minor under the age of seventeen years, nor to any blind person.

#### SACRAMENTO'S SENSATION.

SACRAMENTO, August 14.—The Tully's murder case is assuming proportions which are great, and circumstances are now brought to light seem to fasten the guilt where it belongs. It has been developed that Troy Dye, the Public Administrator, crossed by the Freeport ferry on the night of the murder at 9 o'clock, with two horses. He went, he admits, to Merritt island, below, the same night. Two strange men crossed the river in a skiff at the lower ferry. Troy Dye, after thus crossing, was next day seen on the Sacramento side of the river going down toward Grand island; also on Saturday night he was met going to Mr. Tully's ranch. It is believed that Dye will make a full confession to-morrow. Officers are in hot chase after a third man in the murder. Clark, the partner of Dye, who was under arrest, has been set free.

#### Butler Ashamed of Dennis.

NEW YORK, August 14.—A Herald reporter interviewed Butler yesterday. He said: "Kearney is not endorsed by me, and he knows his own business, as I do mine." Then, swelling with indignation, his cheeks puffing and his voice cast in a high pitch, he exclaimed: "Oh, the lying press! the infamous, lying press of Massachusetts asserted that I brought this man East; that I paid his expenses and gave him money to go on! What fair play can be expected from such liars? You know what God says in the Bible about lying—but let that pass. I have nothing to do with Kearney whatever. He has come East to please himself. The true and honest things which he may utter have my approval, and the foolish and absurd I can only grieve over. I believe he means honestly, though he may have an unusual style of expression. But you can't expect roses from thistles, and you must look to the nature of the causes which produce such men and make them possible. Kearney is not here, as I understand, solely and wholly on his own invitation, and he is here, as I understand, solely and wholly on his own responsibility."

#### The Prospect of a Mexican War.

NEW YORK, August 13.—A World Washington special on Mexican matters says: It is acknowledged that there is much greater danger of a disturbance of the friendly relations between the two countries now than at any time since the recognition of Diaz, and the danger is constantly increasing. The State Department does not anticipate a collision between regular Mexican troops and United States soldiers, but fears are entertained of the "Rural Guards," as Diaz terms the armed citizens of Mexico dwelling on the border. These are anxious for war, and, having no regard for Central government, are doing everything in their power to bring on hostilities. If a conflict should occur between the United States soldiers engaged in carrying out the President's orders concerning the pursuit of raiders and border ruffians, it might result in a Mexican demonstration against the United States, which Diaz would be forced to sanction.

The New York shoemakers are encouraging their striking Chicago brethren by messages and remittances.

#### Kearney Touches Up Beecher.

NEW YORK, August 14.—A Herald special from Lynn, Mass., says: Kearney in his speech here, said: Beecher never swears. He preaches every Sunday to a lazy, fat set of loafers and religious gamblers, who have made corners in everything, and have friends to get up a corner in hell. But we will give them all the hell they want here. If I am not going to accomplish anything why do they make so much fuss over me? Why not leave me alone and let me die out? I would like to say to the women of Lowell that they have a duty to perform in this movement as well as the men. The women who can work twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours every day in the year can do good service by urging their husbands and sweethearts to vote the Workingman's ticket. In San Francisco the women turned out and peddled ballots at the polls from sunrise to sunset, and they increased our vote just 2251. Only by the combined efforts of the workingmen and women of this country can we hope for success.

#### Opposition to Chinamen in Chicago.

CHICAGO, August 12.—The Times has interviews with the boot and shoe manufacturers here, and finds that with one exception they oppose any importation of Chinese. This one states that he is in no hurry to decide, since he has enough manufactured stock to last two or three months. He will take Chinamen if the exigencies demand it, but he will not be rash.

The other manufacturers say they very much prefer to have nothing to do with the Celestials, and will wait and see what results are accomplished if any of them come here. A gentleman who has been mixing constantly with the strikers and other workmen says he is confident that the importation of Chinese labor, even into one establishment here, would cause a riot of such dimensions that it could not be suppressed by all the military companies that the city can command.

#### Almost a Fight.

Considerable excitement was caused last Wednesday by the meeting upon Commercial row of John H. Kinck and J. C. Hagerman, the first a Republican heavy-weight who has shied his castor into the gubernatorial ring, and the latter the Democratic hard-hitter who has likewise tossed his tile over the ropes. The gentlemen were just indulging in the professional hand-shake before commencing hostilities, when a brawny *Gazette* reporter rushed between them and prevented a fight. He was taken by the collar by both combatants and dragged to the nearest ice-cream saloon.

#### Shooting Affray.

A dispatch from Black's Station, Yolo county, Cal., dated August 12th, says: About 8 o'clock last night a shooting affray occurred near this place. Hugh Kelcher was shot by Thomas O'Connor, the ball entering his skull, and causing a dangerous and probably fatal wound. The man is living this morning, but there are little hopes of his recovery. The assault was caused by an old grudge.

O'Connor gave himself up to the authorities.

#### San Francisco's Best Poet.

One of the best poets in the city is a young man whose verses never appear in print. He keeps a boot-black stand on Third street, and edifies his customers with readings from his unpublished writings. His only consolation for the neglect of the world is the knowledge that, while his poetical works may not be given to the world per se, his poems are always read—and it will continue to be while the five-cent beer saloon, at the corner, gives credit.—Stock Exchange.

#### Remarkable Crime in California.

SACRAMENTO, August 13.—Late last night the Sheriff arrested Troy Dye, Public Administrator of the county, on a charge of the murder of Tullis on Grand Island. Clark, a partner of Dye in the saloon business, was arrested at the same time. The evidence against the Public Administrator seems to be conclusive of his guilt, and the motive appears to be an opportunity to administer on Tullis' estate.

#### Railroad Train Robbed.

OMAHA, August 13.—The passenger train which left this city last evening for St. Louis, over the Kansas City, St. Joe & C. B. railroad, was robbed this morning between 1 and 2 o'clock, between Winthrop station and Sugar lake, 140 miles from Omaha, by five masked men, who went on horseback to Winthrop station and there boarded the train. They secured \$5000 from the express car and escaped. As yet but few particulars can be learned.

#### A Lively Judge.

**J. C. Hagerman,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**GROCERIES,**

**HARDWARE,**

**CROCKERY**

**Wines,**

**Liquors,**

**Cigars,**

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Orders for HAY, POTATOES and other

Ranch products by the car load or  
smaller quantities, promptly  
filled at the  
LOWEST MARKET RATES!

**MASONIC BUILDING,**

Corner of Commercial Row and Sierra Street.

8-12f] RENO, NEVADA.

**MANNING & DUCK.**

DEALERS IN

**GROCERIES,**

**PROVISIONS,**

—AND—

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE,**

**STOVES, HARDWARE.**

—MANUFACTURERS OF

**Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron**

**Ware.**

—DEALERS IN—

**PLOWS, HARROWS, BUCKEYE**

and WALTER A. WOOD'S

**MOWERS.**

3-27f

**WINCHELL & CUNNINGHAM**

HAVE ON HAND AND OFFER FOR  
sale a large and well selected stock of

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

Which they offer at as low rates as any legitimate house in the trade can possibly afford to sell and pay their honest debts.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF

**Croceries,**

**Provisions,**

**Butter,**

**Flour,**

**Grain,**

**Fish, Eggs,**

**Fruits and Vegetables.**

W. GUARANTEE SATISFACTION  
to all who may favor us with their patronage.

WINCHELL & CUNNINGHAM,  
WEST SIDE VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEVADA.  
[7-1f]

**STAMPING FOR EMBROIDERY.**

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF 500 STAMPS!  
8-27f MRS. G. F. VONBURG

**SHERMAN & HYDE'S**  
**Music Emporium.**

THE WORLD RENOWNED  
**WEBER PIANOS,**  
Recognized beyond controversy as the  
Standard for Excellence in Every  
Particular!

UNDOUBTEDLY SUPERIOR TO THOSE  
of the American Manufacturers claiming  
the first prize at London, Paris and Vienna.

THE CELEBRATED  
**MANSFELDT & NOTNI**  
Upright Piano—Iron Frame,  
And warranted to stand any climate. Ad-  
mitted the best Foreign Piano brought to this  
market.

**STANDARD & ESTEY ORGANS**

Unparalleled for purity of tone and finished  
workmanship. Any of these sold at Reasonable  
Prices or on the Installment Plan.

**VIOLINS,**

**VIOLAS,**

**BASS VIOLINS:**

**DOUBLE BASSES.**

**Guitars, Banjos**

**Accordeons,**  
Tambourines,  
Piccolos,

Flageolets, Clarinets.

**PIANO AND ORGAN**  
**MUSIC,**

**POPULAR SHEET MUSIC.**

**Piano Methods, Organ Methods**  
—AND—  
INSTRUCTORS FOR ALL INSTRUMENTS.

**TRIMMINGS**  
For All Kinds of Instruments

**SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.**

Cor. Kearney & Sutter Streets,  
**SAN FRANCISCO.**

C. J. BROOKINS & CO.,  
12-119m Agents for Reno

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Lightning Express.

**JOINT TIME TABLE,**  
OF VIRGINIA AND TRUCKEE, AND  
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROADS.

EXPRESS FROM SAN FRANCISCO	JOINT TIME TABLE	EXPRESS FROM VIRGINIA CITY.
Arrive 10:45 A. M.	Virginia...	Leave 6:00 P. M.
10:34 A. M.	Gold Hill	6:13 P. M.
10:00 A. M.	Mo'nd H'sc...	6:45 P. M.
9:00 A. M.	Carson...	7:35 P. M.
8:48 A. M.	Steamboat	8:27 P. M.
7:35 A. M.	...	9:00 P. M.
Leave 10:00 A. M.	Truckee...	11:10 P. M.
5:00 A. M.	Sacramento...	11:45 P. M.
6:30 A. M.	San Fran...	12:15 A. M.
Leave 11:00 P. M.	San Fran...	11:10 A. M.

San Francisco Time on C. P. R. R.; Carson  
Time on V. T. R. R. Dinner on boat from  
San Francisco, and breakfast at Reno, going  
East. Breakfast on boat from Valjeo, going  
West. Sleeping Car daily between Carson  
and San Francisco.

Children under twelve years of age, one-half of  
reduced rates.

H. M. YERINGTON,  
General Supt. V. & T. R. R.  
A. N. TOWNE,  
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E. NILES,  
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W. SANDERS. A. C. NEAL

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**FURNITURE STORE!**

Is now established in the

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Corner of Virginia and Second Streets, Reno.

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**FURNITURE AND BEDDING,**

Coffins, Caskets,

UNDERTAKER'S GOODS FLOWER POTS, ETC.

Agents for Champion Bee Hives and  
Honey Boxes.

**Assessment Notice.**

**SHERMAN, GOLD AND SILVER MINING**

Company.

Location of principal place of business,  
Reno, Nevada.

Location of works, Pyramid mining district.

Wadsworth, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the

Board of Trustees, held on the 6th day of

August, 1878, an assessment, No. 2, of one-half

cent per share, was levied on the capital

stock, and a proportionate payment was made

in U. S. gold coins to the Secretary of

the Company. Any stock upon which the

assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th

day of October, 1878, will be delinquent

and advertised for sale at public auction, and

unless payment is made before will be sold

on October 5th, 1878, to pay the delinquent as-

sesment, together with the costs of adver-

tising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

S. J. LAKE, Secretary.

W. GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

to all who may favor us with their patronage.

WINCHELL & CUNNINGHAM,

WEST SIDE VIRGINIA STREET, RENO, NEVADA.

[7-1f]

STAMPING FOR EMBROIDERY.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF 500 STAMPS!

8-27f MRS. G. F. VONBURG

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ONE PRICE STORE!

FULL STOCK OF—

Spring and Summer Clothing!

MEN'S AND BOY'S

Fine Dress & Business Suits

[Latest Styles, and

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Furnishing Goods

Hats, Caps,

Boots, Shoes,

Trunks, Valises

And everything kept in a first class store.

M. NATHAN,

Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada.

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Parlor Sets, Bedsteads, Mattresses,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

MAKING AND REPAIRING

Spring Beds and Mattresses

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All Work Done on the Most Rea-

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WEBER LAKE HOTEL,

Sierra County, Cal.

D. G. WEBER, M. D., Prop.

A. Jay Anderson, Manager.

P. O. ADDRESS, TRUCKEE, CAL.

Hotel open for visitors from June 1st to November 1st.

Webber's Stage leaves Truckee Tuesdays and

Fridays at 1:30 A. M., and the Lake Mondays and

Thursdays at 2 P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Saddle Horses and

Wagons furnished Guests, Free of Charge.

Board \$2.50 per day; \$12 to \$16 per week.

Children charged for at moderate rates.

Table thoroughly supplied and good Att-

endants.

W. C. WEBER LAKE HOTEL, 105 Kearny Street, Reno, Nev.

Agents for Champion Bee Hives and

Honey Boxes.

Assessment Notice.

SHERMAN, GOLD AND SILVER MINING

Company.

Location of principal place of business,